

**THE STANDARD.**
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TERMS.
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BUSINESS CARDS.**NOTICE.****DR. H. ADAMS,**

PROFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES TO THE CITIZENS OF JACKSON AND VICINITY.

OFFICE.

On Pearl street, next door to the Baptist Church, June 16, 1853. 12—

DR. E. FITZGERALD,

Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Jackson and vicinity.

OFFICE.

And Residence at the Franklin Hotel. Aug. 15, '53. 21—

D. A. HOFFMAN,

Physician & Surgeon. JACKSON, C. H., O.

Office—At D. Hoffman's Store, where he may be found at all times, when not absent on professional business. When absent, all messages left at T. Lloyd Hughes' Esq. will be promptly attended to. June 23, 1853. 13—

WM. S. WILLIAMS,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAK HILL, JACKSON CO., O.

OFFICE—At OAK HILL, where he may be found at all times, when not absent on professional business. When absent, all messages left at T. Lloyd Hughes' Esq. will be promptly attended to. June 23, 1853. 13—

STANLEY & STARKEY,

ATTORNEYS

Counsellors at Law,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS, BOUNTY LAND & PENSION AGENTS, JACKSON, OHIO.

ATTEND to the practice of their Professions, obtaining Pensions, buying, selling, and obtaining Land Warrants, selling and Leasing Real Estate, examining Land Titles, collection of claims, &c. All Communications from a distance must be Post Paid. Office in Public Building, up stairs. May 12, '53—

R. C. HOFFMAN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. JACKSON, C. H., O.

WILL attend the Courts in Jackson, Athens, Pike, Vinton and Gallia counties. OFFICE—One door south-west of Daniel Hoffman's Store. August 9th, '49—1y.

O. F. MOORE,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law. PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.

WILL attend the Courts in Jackson, Pike, Scioto and Lawrence counties, and will attend faithfully to all business entrusted to his care. Oct. 4, 1849.—no27y1

H. S. BUNDY,

Attorney & Counsellor at Law. WILL attend the Courts in Jackson, Vinton and Athens counties. Nov. 28, 1850.—1y.

ANSELM T. HOLCOMB,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. WILL PRACTICE in the counties of Jackson and Vinton. Vinton, Gallia Co. Sept. 30, '52.

JOSEPH BRADBURY,

Attorney at Law. WILL PRACTICE in the counties of Jackson, Keyser, Gallia Co. Sept. 30, 1852.

FLOUR STORE!

THE UNION MILLS having undergone a complete and thorough repair, we are now manufacturing and keep constantly on hand, a large stock of very superior

WHOLESALE FLOUR,

AT THE LOWEST MARKET PRICE. The highest Cash price paid for Wheat and Flour. ROBINSON, SONS & CO. Portsmouth, June 23, 1853. 13—

W. C. ROBERTS,

Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery. LOGAN, HOCKING COUNTY, O.

WILL attend the Courts in Jackson, Vinton, Athens, Perry, Muskingum, Ross and Fairfield counties, and will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care. Will also act as general Land Agent—for the sale of land and the payment of taxes, &c., in any of the above counties. April 17, 1851.

R. BELL & CO.,

WHOLESALE MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, AND CAPS. 105 N. ENTERPRISE ROW, FRONT ST. PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.

Mr. M. R. Tewksbury having purchased the interest of Davis & Smith in the above named establishment, and the present firm, under the former title, having taken the large and spacious rooms on Front street, formerly occupied by Walker & Robinson as a Flour Store, would respectfully invite the attention of dealers to their very large stock, assuring all that they will get good stock as low as any other house in the West. May 26, '53—1y.

Select Tales.**A VISIT TO AN UGLY MAN.**

[BY RYMON SUGGERS.]

As we stepped over the low fence, I heard the hum of a spinning-wheel, and another moment, one of the sweetest, rosiest laces I ever beheld, looked out at the door. It was Lucy Wallis, the pretty daughter of the Ugly Man! Saluting us modestly, she asked us in—and to be seated—and resumed her work. There below more lively girls than Lucy, in her moist blue eye, was a blended expression of mirthfulness and something more tender, that went in your heart without ever asking leave. Clad in a homespun frock, coarse but tasteful in its colors and adjustment—and oh! how brilliant spots—her fingers tipped with the blue of the indigo tub—her little feet in buckskin moccasins—she plied her task industriously, now with an arch toss, shaking into place her rich autumn hair and now, with a bound forward, gracefully catching the thread that had slipped from her fingers. Sweet-voiced, too, was Lucy Wallis, as she stood at her wheel, spinning two threads. One of cotton on her spindle, and the other of gossip, with my excellent and loquacious friend Dick McCoy.

Plague take the girl! She has made me forget her ugly father! Mr. Wallis and his woman were from here when we got there—having been on a visit to a sick neighbor—but in half an hour they returned. "That they come!" said Dick, as he heard voices outside the cabin door—"sest yourself, and don't be scattered!" I then looked at Lucy.

"You've never seen daddy, 'Squire hav you?" she asked, slightly coloring and pouting.

"Never have—always had a curiosity; but the wounded expression of the girl stopped me, and in another moment the Ugly Man was before me.

"Truly had McCoy said, 'nothing on the breathing yearn could match him.' His face generally had the appearance of a recently healed blister-spot. His prominent eyes seemed ready to drop from his face, and were almost guiltless of lids. Red, red, red was the almost prevailing color of his countenance—even its eyespartook of it. His mother—very rarely, looked as if it had been very lately kicked by a rough-shod mule, after having been originally made by gouging a hole in his face with a nail grab! The stout ensemble was horribly unspeakably ugly!

"So you've come to see the Ugly Man, have you, 'Squire? I've heard of you before. You're the man as took the senners of this country, last. I was in Georgetown then. Well, you're mighty welcome. Old 'oman, fly round, get some thing for the 'Squire and Dick to eat—Lucy, ain't you got no fresh eggs?" Lucy went out at his suggestion, and her father went on: "They all call me ugly, 'Squire; and I am. My father be fore me was the ugliest man ever lived in Hancock county. But I'll give you my experience after supper. Belkiss you've learned that I've been through the ruffs. No! Well, when we get something to eat, I'll tell you more about it; old 'oman, for heaven's sake, do fly around that!

The old lady did 'fly around,' and Lucy got the eggs and between them they got an excellent supper.

The purity of the tablecloth, the excellence of the coffee, and the freshness of the eggs, not to mention Lucy's good looks, were more than a set off against the ugliness of Billy; so that Dick and I continued to eat quite heartily, to the evident gratification of our hospitable though ugly entertainer.

Supper over, old Bill drew out his large soap-stone pipe, and filling it, and lighting it, he placed it in his mouth. After a while or two he began:

"It's no use argyvin' the matter—I am the ugliest man now on top of dirt. That's nary nuthin' like me! I'm a coward by myself. I alters was. The last I knowed of it, though, was when I was 'bout ten years old. I went down to the spring branch one mornin', to wash my face, and as I looked in the water I seen the shadow of my face! That's the last time I've seen my countenance—I darst not shut my eyes when I go about water."

"Don't you use a glass when you shave?" I inquired.

"Glass! Thunder! What glass could stand it—'twould burst if it were an inch thick. Glass!—pish!"

Lucy told her father he was 'too bad, and that he knew it was no such thing,' and the old man told her that she was a 'sassy wench,' and to hold her tongue.

"Yes," he continued, "it's so; I haven't seen my face in forty years, but I know how it looks. Well when I growed up I tho't it would be hard to find a woman that'd be willing to take me, ugly as I was."

"Oh you was not uncommon hard-favored when you was a young man," said old Mrs. Wallis.

"Uncommon! I tell you when I was ten years old, a fly wouldn't light on my face—and it can't be much wuss now! Set up and let me tell the 'Squire my experience."

"It's no use," put in Lucy, "be runnin' one's own self down that way, daddy! I ain't right."

"Runnin' down! Thunder and lightning, Lucy, you'll have me as good lookin' as John Bazeman your sweetheart." As he said this, old Bill looked at me, and

succeeded in covering the ball of his left eye, by way of a wink. Lucy said no more.

The old man continued: "Well, hard as I tho't it'd be to get a wife, just think I knowed I had Sally, here, and she is, or was, as pretty as any of them."

Old Mrs. Wallis knitted convulsively, and coughed slightly.

"However, she never kissed me afore we was married, and it was a long time arter afore she did. The way of it was; we had an old one-horned cow, mighty ornery (ordinary) lookin', old as the nord star, and poor as a black snake.—One day I went out to the lot—"

"Daddy, I wouldn't tell that," said Lucy, in a persuasive tone.

"Blame if I do't though—it's the truth, and if you don't keep still, I'll send for Bozeman, to hold you quiet in the corner!"

Lucy pouted a little, and was silent.

"Yes I went out to the lot, and thar, sure as life was my old 'oman swung to the cow, and the old thing fly'n' round, and cutting up all sorts of shins! Ses I, 'What the deuce are you up to, old 'oman?' And with that she let go, and told me that she was trying to practice kissin' on old Cherry, and she tho't, arter that, she could make up her mind to kiss me!"

"Old man, you made that! I've heard you tell afore—but you made it," said the old lady.

"Well, well! I told her, 'Squire, ses I, come down to it now! shut your eyes! hold your breath!—and upon that she buased meso you might a heard it a quarter of a mile, and sence that, nobody's had better kissin' than me! Now, that was my first experience about bein' ugly, arter I was growed, and it wasn't bad, neither!"

"The next time my ugly feeters came into play, was in Mobile: was you ever here? Greatest place on green yearth; steamboats, oysters, free niggers, furniers, brick houses—that's the place!"

I went down on a flat boat from Wetumpky, with old John Todd. We had a fast rate time of it till we got most to Mobile, and the steamboats would run so close to us, that the sloshin' would pretty high capsize us. They done it for devilment. How old John cussed! but it done no good. At last says I, I'll try 'em; if that's any strength in cussin', I'll make 'em ashamed! So the next one came along, cawing and sportin' like it was gwine right into us, and did pass in twenty feet. I rise up on a cotton bag, and ses to the crowd—and there was a most almighty one on the guards of the boat—ses I 'You infernal racketmaking, snorting sons of—'

"Afore I could get any father in my cousin's crowd gin the most tremendous yearth-shakin' howl that ever was heard—and one feller, as they were broadside with us, holloed out, 'It's the old he ugly himself! Jeeminy! what a mouth!' With that there was something rained and rattled in our boat like hail, only heavier; and me and old John picked up a level peck of buckhorn handled knives."

Old Mrs. Wallace looked to heaven, as if appealing there for the forgiveness of some great sin her ugly consort had committed, but said nothing.

"So I lost nothin' by bein' ugly that time! Arter I got into Mobile, however, I was bothered and pestered by the people slopin' in the street to look at me—all dirty and light wood smoked as I was from bein' on the boat."

"I think I'd cleaned up a little," interposed tiny Lucy.

Old 'oman! ain't you got narry cold tater to choke that gal with? They'd look at me the hardest you ever seen—"

But I got ahead of my story. A few days afore, thar had been a boat bursted and a heap of people scalded and killed, one way and another. So at last I went into a grocery and a squad of people followed me in, and one loved says he, it's one of the unfortunate sufferers by the burstin' of the Franklin; and upon that he axed me to drink with him, and as I had my tumbler half way to my mouth, he stooped me of a sudden—"

"Beg your pardon, stranger—but," ses he.

"But—what?" says I.

"Just fix your mouth that way again!" ses he.

I done it, just like I was gwine to drink, and I thought the whole of 'em would go into fits—they yelled and whooped like a gang of wolves. Finally, one of 'em ses, don't make fun of the unfortunate; he's hardly got over bein' blowed up yet. Let's make up a pass for him! Then they all throwed in and made me five dollars.

As the spokesman handed me the change, he axed me, 'What did you find yourself after the 'splosion?'

"In a flat boat," ses I.

"How far from the Franklin?" ses he.

"Why," ses I, "I never seen her; but as high as I can guess, it must have been, from what they tell me, high on to three hundred and seventy-five miles!" You oughter seen that gang scatter. As they left ses one, 'It's him! It's the UGLY MAN OF ALL!'—N. Y. Dutchman.

A man about to be executed, pointed to his companion who was swinging, observed to the multitude, "You there see a spectacle; directly I shall be hanged, and then you will see a pair of spectacles!"

Do you like novels? asked a Miss Fitzgerald of her country lover.

"I can't say he replied, 'I never eat any; but I tell you I am some on possum.'"

Original.

[FOR THE JACKSON STANDARD.]
AMERICAN EDUCATION.
No. 4.

In a society of freemen like that which exists in the United States, when by usage and the constitutions of our country, the will of the majority is law, from which it is wrong there is no appeal, and for whose decisions if they be injurious, there can be no redress, it is of the utmost importance that its members be so educated, that they shall choose to do right.

It has been often said, to the commendation of our people, that if they were so educated as to understand their own true interests, they would be infallible—that they would not sin against themselves.—Our prospect therefore of order, happiness and intelligence, is proportional to the nearness with which to the majority approach this infallibility. The constitution of the United States, and of every State in the Union, supposes that all our citizens can read—that they can acquaint themselves with the laws—that they have virtue to sustain and enforce the laws—that they can scan the conduct of their representatives, and that they can protect their rights from usurpation by their public servants.

The great moral struggle which is at present going on in the world, is the struggle for empire between precedent and principle. Until recently, men inherited the opinions and customs, as well as the features of their parents; here, the world went on in the torpid, dull routine of imitation; every thing being prescribed, and no one thinking of his being a slave, or of deviating from the beaten track, so that reflection, and consequent ly education, was unnecessary. It is perfectly easy and natural for brutes with halts to their heads, to follow the footsteps of their leaders, but since Martin Luther, and the fathers of our Revolution, apprised mankind that they had minds and rights, the moral attitude of society has been changed; the passive monotony of ages broken up, and now people are obliged to think; for amidst the endless and conflicting views and guides soliciting their approbation, they know not whom to follow. The war of opinions has commenced; it is a conflict in which neither is out of the question, and who ever aims at neutrality, knows not how soon he may become the football of the ignorant, or the designing.

One of the most momentous questions ever proposed to the world, and which must soon receive a practical answer from the experiment now in progress in this country, is this. Is a people, under any circumstances capable of self-government?

The reply is, they are if properly educated, but not otherwise. It is therefore a perfectly synonymous question, can the people be universally, or even generally educated? Tyrants say not; and form this assumption, they draw the rational inference, that they are incapable of governing themselves, and therefore out of mere parental kindness, they undertake to manage for them. Grant their premise, and their conclusion is unavoidable. Such reasoning would drive us to demolish our school houses, silence our presses, burn our books, and commit our consciences to the keeping of men of like passions, and fratricides with ourselves, aiding, as they do, when uttering such sentiments, to their own deluded, degraded subjects, they unquestionably speak the truth. That the body of the Spanish and Italian peasantry, as well as the serfs of Russia and the masses of many other States, are in their present degraded condition, but their rulers should remember that the ignorance and servility which constitutes such disqualification, are of their own creating, and not of their subjects. Their conduct is like that of an arbitrary monarch, who first binding and imprisoning a wealthy subject, and declaring him incapable to manage for himself, should appropriate his goods under the pretext of receiving pay for his friendly services rendered in taking care of him.

We are now, at least, and for some time to come, must be, a self-governing people, and should make our provisions accordingly for lengthening out our existence as such, while we have the power and the means. The crisis of our nation is but just commencing, and the transforming power of education—of National Education, has never yet been brought to bear upon the people as a whole. In that transforming influence when rightly administered, I fondly trust, will be found an amulet to secure and shield us from all dreaded evils—that will prove an ample, as it is the only panacea, for all our social ills. Our political circumstances imperatively demand a natural system of education which shall have a just regard to the philosophy of mind—shall prescribe the philosophical methods of instruction, and introduce into our schools, a course of studies suited in variety and extent, to the wants and dignity of self-governing freemen. The amount of intellectual and moral development attained by the most of our citizens in our common schools is far below the demands of our political relations. The theory of our government calls for the highest kind of intelligence and morality among the people, and it comes us to consider that an education fitted to subserve our purposes, cannot be forced upon our youth in the short space of two or three years.

The mere attainments of reading, writing and ciphering, essential as they are, will not alone of themselves, make a man a moral member of society, nor an intelligent voter. Our government contemplates and makes every man a practical

politician, and any kind or amount of education that comes short of fitting him therefor, is unfit and insufficient for our national wants.

AN EXAMINER.

Select Poetry.

From the Kaickerbocker.
BIRTH-DAY LINES TO MY WIFE.

Hand in hand we start to journey
Through the devious path of life;
Be it good or evil weather,
Hand in hand move we, my wife.

Hand in hand in sunny seasons,
Evenings soft and mornings mild,
Naught to part us but the link let
Of a little white-haired child.

Hand in hand. O God! when fading
Life's fair sun's far-western rays,
Lean we well upon each other
Through the gleaming of our days.

Hand in hand with equal foot-step
To the dark, swift-flowing river;
Hand in hand, with angel-seeming,
To the throne of God for ever.

FEMALE BEAUTY.

We find beauty of itself a very poor thing unless beautified by sentiment. The reader may take the confession as he pleases, either as an instance of abundance of sentiment on our part, or as an evidence of want of proper ardor and impartiality; but we cannot (and that is the plain truth) think the most beautiful creature beautiful, or be at all affected by her, or long to sit next to her, or to go to a theatre with her, or listen to a concert with her, or walk in a forest with her, or to call her by her christian name, or ask her if she likes poetry, or tie (with any satisfaction) her gown for her, or be asked whether we admire her shoe, or take her arm even into a dining-room, or kiss her at Christmas, or on April-follies, or on May-day, or on any other day, or dream of her, or wake thinking of her, or feel a want in the room when she has gone, or a pleasure the more when she appears—unless she has a heart as well as a face, and is a proper, good tempered, natural, sincere, honest girl, who has a love for other people and other things, apart from self-reference and the wish to be admired. Her face would pall upon us in the course of a week, or even become disagreeable. We should prefer an enamelled tea-cup, for we should expect nothing from it. We remember the impression made on us by a female painter—cast hand, sold in the shops as a model. It is beautifully turned, though we thought it somewhat too plump and well-fed. The fingers, however, are delicately tapered, the outline flowing and graceful. We fancied it to have belonged to jovial beauty, a little too fat and festive, but laughing, vital, and as full of good nature. The possessor told us it was the hand of Madame Brinvilliers, the famous poisoner. The woman was no sooner spoken than we shrank from it as if it had been a toad. It was now literally hideous; the fact seemed sweltering and full of poison. You resembled the grace; you shrank from the look of smoothness, as from a snake. This woman went to the scaffold with as much indifference as she distributed her poisons. The character of her mind was to her what a cup of tea is to other people. And such is the character, more or less, of all mere beauty. Nature, if one may so speak, does not seem to intend it to be beautiful. It looks as if it were created in order to show what a nothing the formal part of beauty is, without the spirit of it. We have been so used to it with reference to considerations of this kind, that we have met with women generally pronounced beautiful and spoken of with transport, who took a sort of ghastly and with like aspect in our eyes, as if they had been things walking the earth without a soul, or with some evil intention. The woman who supped with Ghoul in the Arabian Nights, must have been a beauty of this species.—*Light Hunt.*

THE BACHELOR.

In the vast flowerfield of human affection, the old bachelor is the very scarecrow of happiness, who drives away the little birds of love that come to steal away the hemlock seeds of loneliness and despair. Where is there a more pitiable object on earth than he who has no amiable woman interested in his welfare? How dismal does his desolate room appear when he comes home at night, wet and hungry, and finds a cold hearth, a barren table, and a lonely pillow, which looks like the white urn of every earthly enjoyment! See the sick old bachelor in the dark afternoon of life, when his heart is sinking to its sunderance! Not a solitary star of memory gleams over his opening grave! No weeping wife to bend like an angel over his dying bed! No fond daughter to draw his chilly hand into the soft pressure of hers, and warm his icy blood with the revivifying fires of unavailing affection. No manly boy to link his breaking name with the golden chain of honorable society, and bind his history in the vast volume of the world he is leaving forever!

He has eaten and drank, and drank and died, and Earth is glad she's got rid of him; for he has done little else than cram his soul into the circumference of a sixpence, and no human being save his washer woman will breathe a sigh at his funeral. I could lay my finger on some half dozen of these "old critics," in the beautiful city of Davenport.—*Davenport Bee.*

Truth and honesty have no need of loud protestation.

FOOD OF THE CHINESE.

They have domesticated the horse, the ox, the buffalo, the dog the cat, the pig and all the other animals which have been domesticated in Europe, together with some creatures which we have failed.—They eat, indiscriminately, almost at every living creature which comes in their way: dogs, cats, hawks, owls, eagles and storks are regularly marketable commodities; in default of which a dish of rats, field-mice or Snakes, is not objected to. Cockroaches, and other insects and reptiles, are used for medicine. Their taste for dog's flesh is quite a passion. Young pups—plump, succulent and tender, fetch good prices at the market stalls, where a supply is always to be found. A dish of puppies prepared by a skillful cook, is esteemed a dish fit for the gods. At every grand banquet it makes its appearance as a hash or stew. A young Englishman, attached to our Canton factory, dining one day with a wealthy Hong merchant, was determined to satisfy his curiosity in Chinese gastronomy by tasting all or most of the numerous dishes which were successively handed round. One dish pleased him so well that he ate nearly all that was put before him. On returning homeward, some of his companions asked him how he liked the dinner, and how such and such dishes; and then began to imitate the whining and barking of a dozen puppies. The poor young man then understood for the first time that he had been eating dog, and was very angry, and very sick at the stomach. Other Europeans, however, have been known to declare that they succeeded in conquering a prejudice and that a six weeks old pup, properly fattened upon rice, and dressed a la Chinoise, was really a *bonne bouche*.—*Extracted from a new work on China.*

LINES BY AN OLD FOXY.

I'm thankful that the sun and moon
Are both hung up so high
That no presumptuous hand can stretch
And pull them from the sky;

If they were not, I have no doubt
But some reforming ass
Would recommend to take them down
And light the world with gas.

AUTUMN.

He who said these days were "melancholy days," said well—said touchingly, and truly. Death and sorrow are united. Man is not the only victim to the poisoned arrow of the Pale King. Nature is stung to the quick by the same shaft. Her color changes, her strength relaxes, her voice or departs—and though she has no voice by which to tell her anguish, her throes are none the less poignant.

All this is full of suggestions. It is an emblem, an example. It holds a charmed picture to eye, and strikes poisonous apprehension into the heart. The thoughts are subdued, like solemn rhymes and mortal weaknesses become more apparent. The youth whispers to himself along the highway, and the strong man is troubled in the solitude of his chamber.

"And they who turned aside the dead leaves of a former autumn, to lay down their coveted treasures, and leave them there in silence, they have another sorrow now. A year from the time of a great woe, brings a double sorrow to the spirit. The anniversary of a grief is harder to endure than the grief itself."

The Cooc-ha-tope Pass, claimed by Col. Benton as the most practicable of all the passes discovered through the Rocky Mountains, for a railroad, lies due west from St. Louis at the mouth of the Kansas, and about two and a half degrees south of Burlington. The south pass, according to the best of our recollection, is about two degrees north of us. From Burlington to the mouth of Kansas, on a straight line, is 180 miles—to the mouth of the Platte 240—that is if all the maps are right. But in passing from this city to the Kansas on a straight line, we should cross nearly all the streams this side of the river Styx.

"Watchman, spare that jug. Touch not a single drop. It served me many a tug and I will be its prop. 'Twas my forerunner's hand that placed it in his cot. There 'watchman' let it stand—thy club will harm it not. The old familiar jug whose credit, and renown, are known to many a mug, and wouldst thou smash it down! Watchman, forbear thy blow, break not its earth-brown clay; nor make the liquor flow, but let that old jug stay."

The watchman could not stand so powerful an appeal, and after leaving a plentiful an appeal, and after leaving a plentiful an appeal, he took his departure.

It is stated that of five hundred and forty-three young ladies who failed last year, more than one half of them fell into the arms of gentlemen! Only two had the misfortune to fall on the floor and those wanted to be caught, but they were so awfully ugly that the men were afraid to touch them!

"You bachelors ought to be taxed," said a lady to a resolute evader of the noose matrimonial.

"I agree with you perfectly, madam," was the reply, "for bachelorism is a luxury."

The only fountain in the wilderness of life, where man drinks of water totally unmixed with bitterness, is that which gushes for him in the calm and shady recess of domestic life.

WHAT WILL RUSSIA DO?—To this absorbing question among students of foreign affairs, we can literally answer in the words most irreverently used often: "Old Nick only knows."

FIRE.

The large frame building in the upper part of town known as the "Omni-bus," was totally destroyed by fire on Friday morning of last week. The fire was discovered about 2 o'clock but had obtained too great headway to admit of saving the building. It consisted of a block of twelve tenements, and had been occupied by no less than eighteen families, though at the time of the fire there were but six families in it. The building cost probably from \$2,500 to \$3,000 dollars, not insured. It has always been considered very much exposed to fire, being so large and occupied by so many different families, and of a combustible nature, and it is hoped that it will be replaced by a brick structure—as frame buildings are too much exposed to like accidents. It is not known how the fire took, but those who have the best means of knowing, think it the work of an incendiary. It was very lucky that the night was still, or other buildings near by, of a valuable nature, could not have been saved.

Our citizens are beginning to see the necessity of making provisions against fires. There was a public meeting held at the court house on last Monday night for the purpose of organizing a fire department. A company was formed, to be called the "Good Intent Fire Company of Iron-ton." We understand that there will be efforts made to raise means to obtain a fire engine, hooks and ladders, &c. All right. We hope that enough money may be raised to get a fire engine, at least suitable hooks and ladders ought to be provided. In case of this fire a small frame building had to be torn down to save some other buildings, as also sheds fences &c. Hooks are an important auxiliary in such a case.

We think the town council ought to move in this matter, and assist in procuring an engine, hook and ladders, &c., and estiers ought to be sunk in some parts of the town, so that there might be a supply of water convenient.—